HARPER'S MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY

Diaries of John Hay. p. 324.

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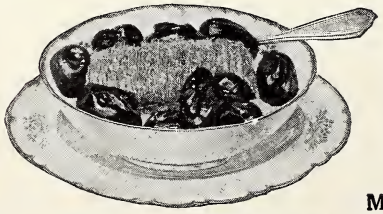

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. CXXX FEBRUARY, 1915 No. DCCLXXVII

Washington After the War

From the UNPUBLISHED DIARIES of JOHN HAY

Compiled and Edited by William Roscoe Thayer

JOHN HAY was twenty-seven years old when the Civil War ended. In knowledge of the world, in acquaintance with men, in ordeals of various kinds, he had little to learn. He had kept his head and his temper, and his capacity to take adverse fate ironically, almost blithely. But the war, which ripened Hay, left him with his fortune still unmade.

So he accepted gladly the appointment to be first secretary of the American Legation at Paris. It offered him a provisional occupation which, after his four years in the White House, would seem like a vacation, and would afford him the opportunity he had craved since boyhood of seeing the Old World. He reached his post in June, 1865. For John Bigelow, who was then minister, he soon felt an affectionate admiration, which never slackened through life. Mrs. Bigelow's inexhaustible vivacity now amused and now fascinated him. "*Mon Dieu! qu'elle est vive, qu'elle est vive!*" he records in his Diary, quoting "old Plon," whom I take to be Prince Napoleon—"Plon-Plon."

Of the diplomatic business transacted during Hay's stay in the Legation, the most important concerned the French occupation of Mexico, where Napoleon had established an empire in the hope that, if the American Union broke up, he might extend French influence and French territory to the north of the Rio Grande. I pass by the references to the official negotiations of this period—dim enough they are now—in order to cite Hay's description of the audience at which Mr. Bigelow presented his letters of recall, and Gen. John A. Dix, his successor, was received by the Emperor.

When General Dix, followed by Hay and Wickham Hoffman, the second secretary, was ushered into The Presence,

> the General looked anxiously around for the Emperor, advancing undecidedly, until a little man, who was standing in front of the Throne, stepped forward to meet him. Everybody bowed profoundly as the Duc de Cambacérès gave the name and the title of the General. The little man bowed, and the General, beginning to recognize in him a dim likeness to the Emperor's portrait, made his speech to him.
>
> I looked around the room for a moment [Hay continues], admiring as I always do on ceremonial occasions in France the rich and tasteful masses of color which the various groups of Great Officers of the Crown so artistically present. Not a man's place is left to accident. A cardinal dashes in a great splash of scarlet. A *cent-garde* supplies an exquisite blue and gold. The yellows

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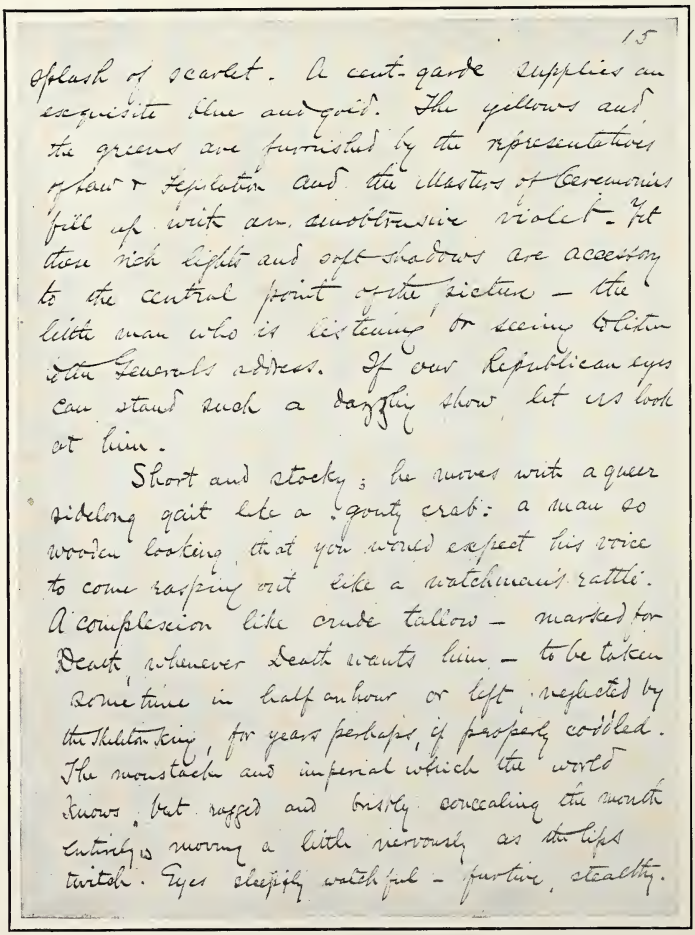
and the greens are furnished by the representatives of Law and Legislation, and the Masters of Ceremonies fill up with an unobtrusive violet. Yet these rich lights and soft shadows are accessory to the central point of the picture—the little man who is listening or seeming to listen to the General's address. If our Republican eyes can stand such a dazzling show, let us look at him.

Short and stocky, he moves with a queer, sidelong gait, like a gouty crab; a man so wooden-looking that you would expect his voice to come rasping out like a watchman's rattle. A complexion like crude tallow—marked for Death, whenever Death wants him—to be taken some time in half an hour, or left, neglected by the Skeleton King, for years, perhaps, if properly coddled. The mustache and imperial which the world knows, but ragged and bristly, concealing the mouth entirely, is moving a little nervously as the lips twitch. Eyes sleepily watchful—furtive, stealthy, rather ignoble, like servants looking out of dirty windows and saying "nobody at home," and lying as they say it. And withal a wonderful phlegm. He stands there as still and impassive as if carved in oak for a ship's figurehead. He looks not unlike one of those rude, inartistic statues. His legs are too short, his body too long. He never looks well but on a throne or on a horse, as kings ought.

In all his writing Hay never did better than that. As a historical portrait in the gallery of nineteenth-century celebrities it will take its place; and if it seems malign, its malignity may be



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a flash of scarlet. A cent-garde supplies an exquisite blue and gold. The yellows and the greens are furnished by the representatives of law & legislation and the Masters of Ceremonies fill up with an unobtrusive violet. Yet these rich lights and soft shadows are accessory to the central point of the picture — the little man who is listening or seeming to listen to the General's address. If our Republican eyes can stand such a dazzling show, let us look at him.

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A PAGE FROM JOHN HAY'S DIARY DESCRIBING NAPOLEON III.

compared with the acid which bites in the etching.

General Dix's coming and Mr. Bigelow's going directly affected Hay, who declined to serve under the new minister, and went home in search of another career. Hay reached New York on February 1, 1867. The Diary during the succeeding weeks throws many sidelights on life at the capital at an interesting moment.

The conflict between President Andrew Johnson and Congress was becoming angry. Radical Republicans had pushed the fighting to the point where a trial for impeachment could not be avoided. The reconstruction of the Southern States, lately in rebellion, called out the worst passions of extremists of both sides. Many of the Republicans believed that unless the vanquished Southerners were sternly watched they would foment insurrection, and so denature, if they did not actually nullify, the results attained by the Civil War. Others supposed that they had the best of warrants for making the way of the transgressor as hard as possible. The desire to atone for the immemorial persecution of the black man by suddenly proclaiming him the political equal of the white man, and even by setting him up to rule over the white man, moved many zealots. The politicians, as usual, traded on the enthusiasm of the unwise or availed themselves of the scoundrel's catchword —patriotism.

To the immense misfortune of the country, and to his own, President Johnson had neither the temperament, training, nor tact to meet such a crisis. History has justified many of his measures, and has applauded his resistance to the fire-eaters who cried for vengeance on the stricken rebels; but his opponents saw nothing but ill-masked craft or patent treachery in his acts, and his friends felt no loyalty to his person. Never was the patience of Lincoln, or his fairness and spirit of conciliation, more needed. For lack of him the wounds of war did not cicatrize, and the process of reconstruction became an ignoble tragedy long drawn out.

NAPOLEON III
From the Collection of Frederick H. Meserve

I drove to Willard's [Hay writes]; saw the same dead-beats hanging around the office, the same listless loafers moving gloomily up and down, pensively expectorating. Several shook hands with me cordially; the Radical fellows wanting to sympathize with me as a martyr and a little disappointed when they found I was none. Lamon picked me up and I went to his office; saw Judge [Jeremiah] Black and talked politics for a while. The terrible defeats of the past year have sobered and toned down the Conservatives. They talked very quietly and sensibly.

Then he visited the State Department. Secretary Seward

came swinging in, saying, "Well, John Hay, so you got tired of it and came home." "Yes," I said, "it was time. I had enough of the place and the place had enough of me." He then went into a long and very clever disquisition on the dangers of a man holding office—the desiccation and fossilizing process—illustrating it by Mr. Hunter and saying he feared Nicolay[1] was getting into that way. I assured him Nicolay was not; that he was single-heartedly pursuing ten thousand dollars, and that when he got it he would come home and go to his ranch. He was glad to hear that, he said.

[1] Nicolay was American consul-general in Paris.

From Seward's conversation Hay learned how matters stood in Washington.

He talked a great deal of the present position of politics and of his own attitude [Hay writes]. He never seemed to me to better advantage. His utter calmness and cheerfulness, whether natural or assumed, is most admirable. He seems not only free from any political wish or aspiration, but says distinctly that he cares nothing for the judgment of history, so that he does his work well here.

He speaks utterly without bitterness of the opposition to him and the President. He thinks the issue before the country was not fairly put, but seems rather to admire the cleverness with which the Radical leaders obscured and misstated the question to carry the elections. He says the elections in short amount to this:

Congress to the North. Do you want rebels to rule the Government?—No.

Do you want more representatives than the South?—Yes.

Do you want negroes to vote in the South and not in the North?—Yes.

Do you want to give up the fruits of victory to the South?—No.

Congress to the South. Do you want your negroes to vote, and not Northern negroes?—No.

Do you want to lose fifty members of Congress?—No.

Do you want to be deprived of a vote yourselves?—Not by a damned sight.

And so the issue is clearly presented in such a style as to decide the question beforehand.

He asked me if I wanted anything—if I would like to go back to Europe. I said I would like anything worth having, if it could be given to me without any embarrassment to him or the President at the present time.

It appeared that the Senate had held up the confirmation of General Dix as minister to France. If it finally rejected him, a *chargé d'affaires* would be sent out until a new minister, satisfactory to the Senate, could be found. Why should not Hay be that *chargé?*

Hay spent the evening with his old friend Harry Wise, who, he records,

is disgusted with Johnson. His first words to me were, "Everything is changed—you find us all Copperheads." Painter said, "You will find the home of virtue has become the haunt of vice." [Henry] Adams said: "A man asked me the other day if I had been to the White House lately, and I told him No. I want to remember that house as Lincoln left it." Every one I met used some such expression. It is startling to see how utterly without friends the President is.

On Sunday Hay

went to church alone. Walked home with Miss L. and listened a half-hour to her clever Washington gossip—the most spiritual in the world. Then made several visits; saw Hooper[1] and Agassiz.

He dined with Secretary Seward at four o'clock—an hour commended to the attention of epicures. Doolittle[2] and Thurlow Weed came in. Their talk was on populations, ancient and modern, Weed having most to say about Rome and Italy, and Seward about the East, Babylon, and Palestine.

Suddenly Seward said to me: "And now, John Hay, if it were not that Weed is continually in the way, I would make you a minister. But it seems Mr. Harris[3] is a very good man and has been defeated, and the President is fond of him, and so a mission must be kept for him. There is a vacancy in Sweden, and I suppose Weed will insist on Harris having it."

"Would Harris take such small change?" I asked.

Here Weed, who had not much relished Seward's badinage, broke out, "It is too good for him. He would take anything. He deserves nothing."

This led to some conversation on Cowan's[4] chances. They all thought them rather slim. Seward said it ought to be known in justice to Cowan that he had asked for nothing and knew nothing of the appointment until it came to the Senate. Doolittle said he would try to persuade Sumner to report upon the nomination without a recommendation and let the Senate act upon it in that way.

Seward asked Doolittle if he had any influence left in the Committee on Foreign Relations. "Scarcely any," said Doolittle. "If there were anybody you could depend on," said Seward, "I would like to have mischievous and annoying questions about our foreign policy prevented. Where a private negotiation is begun and not finished, a blast of publicity destroys it; there is nothing more to be done. The attention and jealousy of the world outside is attracted to us and obstacles spring up in an hour. I have

[1] Samuel Hooper, M. C. from Massachusetts.
[2] James R. Doolittle, Senator from Wisconsin.
[3] Ira Harris, Senator from New York.
[4] Senator Edgar Cowan, nominated as minister to Austria, but not confirmed.

an understanding with Banks and have always had such a one with Sumner, until he has of late become hopelessly alienated. Conness is especially troublesome. I could manage him by giving him all the offices in the Department, but he is so greedy and unreasonable that one cannot talk sensibly with him."

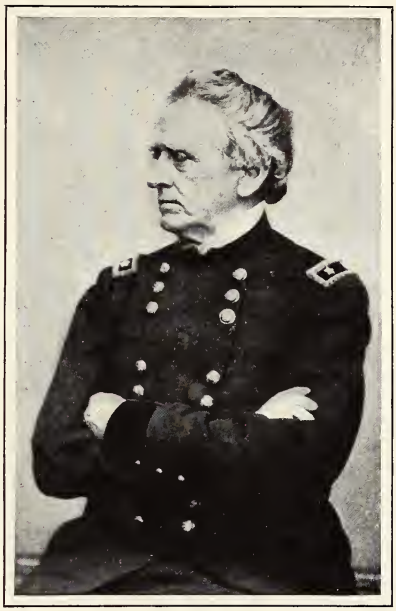
Thurlow Weed having left for New York, Doolittle and Seward canvassed the situation.

Here Hay interjects an interesting comment:

The whipped-out, stunned way of talking that I have seen in all the Conservatives is very remarkable. No bitterness, no energetic denunciation, no threats; but a bewildered sort of incapacity to comprehend the earnest deviltry of the other side characterizes them all—but Seward, who is the same placid, philosophic optimist that he always was, the truest and most single-hearted Republican alive.

As Doolittle rose to go, Seward said, "You must somehow help me to do something for John Hay." I was touched and astonished at this kind persistence of the Secretary in my favor.

I stayed an hour or so. He told me that it seemed as if they would prove General Dix to have been in the receipt of the two salaries of the Minister [to France] and Naval Officer [of the Port of New York]. He seemed much disgusted at this. He said: "It almost makes me determined never to give up a prejudice again." He ran over General Dix's history, showing how consistently the General had always pursued his bread and butter in every conjuncture, always getting on pretty well, but always losing the great prizes of his ambition by an unlucky lack of political principle and an over-greed of office, in every period of party crisis. He had always been opposed to him, but had taken him up and stood by him since the beginning of the war, in spite of the General's attempt to "cut under" from time to time. Seward got him into Buchanan's Cabinet through Stanton. When Bigelow's place at Paris fell vacant by his resignation last July, Seward kept it for Dix. And now it seems he is to fall by this ignoble charge of avarice.



GENERAL JOHN A. DIX
From the Collection of Frederick H. Meserve

We had some comforting optimist talk. I believe so utterly in Republicanism that I am never troubled long about the future. Baron Gerolt came in and we talked Napoleon and Bismarck and *fusil à aiguille*.

This last reference reminds us how recent the mounting of Prussia, and of Germany dominated by Prussia, has been. In 1867 the world was beginning to perceive that, by the crushing of Austria at Sadowa the year before, a power of the first order was coming to the front. Men were already speculating as to the time of the inevitable contest between France and Prussia for mastery, and as to the relative merits of the French *chassepot* and the Prussian needle-gun.

While Hay lingered on, waiting for the Senate to come to a decision in General Dix's case, he divided his time between political and social visits.

On "one of God's own days" he joined the beautiful Mrs. Sprague and Miss Hoyt, "doing a constitutional," and walked with them in the blessed sunshine. They took me in the afternoon to the President's to make a bow to Mrs. Patterson and Mrs. Stover. The White House is much more richly and carefully furnished than in my time. But the visitors were not quite up to the old mark, which itself was not hard to reach.

On another morning he went to Congress, and sent his card in to his old

acquaintance Shelby M. Cullom, of Illinois.

He brought me in on the floor, where I stayed an hour or two and shook many hands. Everybody said something about the better days gone and nobody spoke of the better days coming. Yet in those better days they mourned, a million fine fellows were slaying each other with swords and guns, and the widows and the orphans were increasing faster than the babies.

Mr. Seward's kindliness did not flag. He wished to appoint Hay as an employee in the State Department until something better offered; but Hay declined, knowing how quickly the men who were caught in the treadmill of routine dropped beyond reach of an independent career. Seward then said

he had proposed my name to the President the day before as Minister to Sweden. The President said he had another man for it—General Joseph J. Bartlett, of New York. "We are doing all we can for the soldiers, you know, etc." He said the matter was strictly confidential as yet.

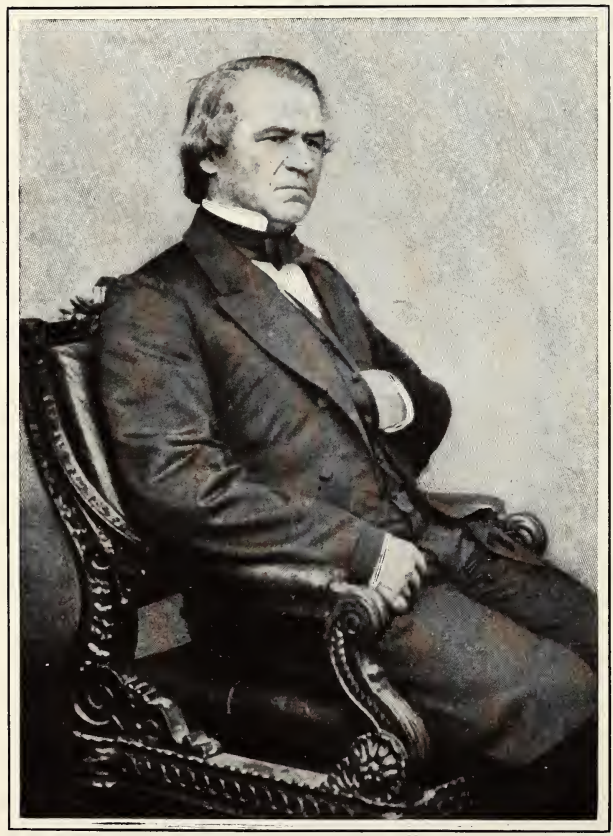
The Diary next introduces us to a personage who was the most conspicuous, if not the weightiest, member of the Senate—Charles Sumner, from Massachusetts.

I dined with Sumner. The party was Mr. and Mrs. Sumner, who looks very sweet and matronly in her *secondes noces*, Miss H., Mr. Field, of Philadelphia, George Wm. Curtis, and myself. I like Sumner better since his marriage. He should have been married long ago. Every man should who can afford it. His ready-made family is very taking. Little Bel H. came running in for dessert and rated Curtis soundly for not giving her the largest bonbon. It was quite startling to see Sumner in the bosom of his family.

The conversation was entirely political—the debate of the day in the Senate. Sherman's[1] speech against including Cabinet Ministers in the Tenure of Office bill was rather severely criticized by Sumner, who thought he had been too magnanimous in allowing it to pass unanswered. Sumner thought the power of appointing and removing members of the Cabinet more properly belonged to the Senate, as a permanent body, than to the President. He said the Senate was less liable to become depraved and bad than the President. He said, "for instance, I can scarcely imagine a Senate that would now confirm Mr. Seward."

As to the engagement in form of harmony in the Cabinet, he scouted that altogether. He said that in every constitutional government in the world the head of the government was frequently obliged to accept ministers that were personally and politically obnoxious.

[1] Senator John Sherman, of Ohio.



PRESIDENT ANDREW JOHNSON

That it was the duty often of a patriotic minister to remain in the counsels of a perverted administration as a "privileged spy." He referred to Stanton, and said it should be made impossible for Johnson to remove him.

In all this ingenious and really clever and learned talk of Sumner's, I could but remark the blindness of an honest, earnest man, who is so intent upon what he thinks right and necessary that he closes his eyes to the fatal consequences of such a course in different circumstances and different times. The Senate is now a bulwark against the evil schemes of the President; therefore, he would give the Senate a power which might make it the most detestable engine of anarchy or oppression. Had this law that he now demands existed in 1861, the Rebellion would have had its seat and center in Washington, and loyalty would have worn the bloody color of revolution. I told him so, but he would not see it, saying if the South had taken that course they would by that act have abnegated their rebellion—which to me seems absurd.

KATE CHASE SPRAGUE
Wife of the Senator from Rhode Island
From the Collection of Frederick H. Meserve

General Dix was discussed. Curtis favored letting him slide for his two years. Field thought the "hoary old place-hunter should be marked and punished." Sumner treated with contempt the charge of cumulation against General Dix. His crime of presiding at the Philadelphia Convention is capital. How can the Senate reject the small-fry of renegade Unionists and permit to go unscathed the man who gave to that wicked scheme all its momentary respectability?

Sumner's account of the rejection of McGinnis[1] was very amusing. "The Senate's answer to Master Seward." He said Bartlett had come in in McGinnis's place. "He is an old-fashioned Copperhead—did good service in our war, they say, but that won't save him."

Writing to Nicolay at this time, Hay says:

Sumner has blood in his eye. He is splendid in his present temper—arrogant, insolent, implacable—thoroughly in earnest—honest as the day.

February 7th, Thursday. — Went to the House. The bill for the military government of the Rebel States was up. Brandegee[2] made a little flourish of the eagle with a long Latin quotation that made the Western members grin. Banks[3] I talked with some time. He was really despondent about the course things were taking—deprecating most earnestly this abdication of the civil power in favor of the irresponsible military. I thought the case was not hopeless—bad as it was—as Congress could at any time resume the power it now delegates for a temporary purpose. He said the people would more likely acquiesce in a bad thing done than work for its repeal. I talked with Boutwell[4] five minutes afterward. He was confident that the measure was a good one and that the army could be trusted. I think there never was an army that could be trusted, as an army. It is un-Anglo-Saxon to perpetuate this state of things. I recognize the miserable situation of the South, and perhaps this bill is necessary—but it is a bad thing to do, for all that. Woe be to him by whom this offense cometh.

In the evening, after calling on Seward, who showed him a superb set of Chinese chessmen, Hay attended a reception at the White House.

[1] George F. McGinnis, rejected by the Senate as Minister to Sweden.

[2] Augustus Brandegee, member from Connecticut.

[3] N. P. Banks, of Massachusetts.

[4] George S. Boutwell, of Massachusetts, one of the Republican Radicals.

The President was very cordial to me: said I must come and see him. Mrs. Johnson received for the first time; a quiet, invalid old lady. The crowd not choice, but as good an average as ever; scarcely any distinguished people, and none squalid. We used to have plenty of both.

Following Seward's advice, Hay went to see Browning,[1] who was very cordial, and promised at once.

He feels very gloomy [notes the diarist]. Says we are going to the devil. He is a brighter man and an older man than I, but I know we are not.

February 8.—Dined with the Hoopers. There heard of Banks's unexpected and dramatic heading off of Overseer Thad[2] in the House. Enormously clever man is Banks. Too moderate and wise just now—a doomed Girondin, I am afraid. Raymond[3] is as clever, but not as good and strong.

Doolittle said the other night to Seward that Banks had told him a few days before that he saw no earthly power that could prevent the impeachment of the President. This impressed Doolittle very much, as he said, Banks being himself against impeachment. Seward said it would impress him more if it was not that he remembered that Banks had thought there was no salvation out of Knownothingism—when in fact there was none in it.

Went to Secretary Welles's reception. Sheridan[4] was the lion, looking, as Miss Hooper says, as if he would blow up on short provocation. A mounted torpedo, somebody once called him—inflammable little Jack of Clubs—to whom be all praise. Then a German cotillion at Reverdy Johnson's[5] —very ill led by a booby . . . who danced in a straddling sort of way, "wide between the legs as if he had gyves on."

February 9.—Went up to the House again. Talked with C.[6] about the affair of the day before. Saw another instance of the curious intolerance of the majority, and the feebleness of individual judgment when opposed to the decisions of the caucus. C. was heartily for Banks and his motion, and was full of delighted admiration of the way he carried it against Stevens—but acknowledges he had voted the other way. He says Boutwell is jealous of Banks and anxious to discredit him before the people of Massachusetts. I got the end of Boutwell's speech, which was very fine and nervous. Boutwell shows to good advantage when thoroughly roused and excited. Raymond talked a little—fluent as ever, and impressing nobody.

In the evening there was a German cotillion at Baron Gerolt's. Kasserow led, and very well. I danced with Miss Haggerty. Invitations were for 6.30, being Saturday. People accepted and went early. We dispersed to bed at midnight with a queer sense of its being the next morning.

Sunday, February 10.—I told Sumner what I conscientiously believe, that Seward has done all in his power to save Mr. Lincoln's appointees from being displaced by the Copperhead pressure; that he had spoken of giving a place to me without demanding or suggesting any adhesion to the present administration as the condition of the appointment.

I asked Sumner if he did not intend to write a history of these times. He answered in a way to convince me that he had thought a great deal of the matter. He greatly regretted the absence of jottings to fix in his mind the incidents of daily intercourse with the President, the ministers of the government, and the leading Congressmen. He considers himself the most highly qualified man in America to write an exhaustive political history of this great period, on account of his great and unusual facilities of intercourse with every branch of government and opinion. He said "it was impossible to do anything of the kind so long as he remained in the Senate." I suggested that he might find the necessary leisure in the representation of the country for a few years in Europe. This suggestion was by no means novel to him.

He told me that several montns ago when he spoke to Seward about the Harvey[7] matter, Seward had said that every minister in Europe was with the President as against Congress. He said he did not answer, as he might have done, that he had at that moment in his pocket a letter from Motley and one from Hale disproving that assertion.

Sumner has grown very arrogant with success. He feels keenly the satisfaction of being able to bind and loose at his free will and pleasure. There is no selfish exultation in it, or too little for him to recognize—it is rather the fierce joy of a prophet over the destruction of the enemies of his Lord. He speaks with hearty enjoyment of what is to happen to Cowan; referred to Doolittle's sleek, purring attempt to soften him in that matter so far as to have Cowan's name re-

[1] Orville H. Browning, Secretary of the Interior, the department before which the Southern land claims which Hay held would come.

[2] Thaddeus Stevens, of Pennsylvania, fire-eater, leader of the Republicans in the House.

[3] Henry J. Raymond, M. C. from New York, editor of the *New York Times*.

[4] General Philip H. Sheridan.

[5] Senator from Maryland.

[6] Presumably Cullom.

[7] James E. Harvey, minister to Portugal.

ferred to the Senate without recommendation —and his snort of rejection.

Hay, as we have seen, interspersed his political conferences with fashionable engagements. His life in Paris had made him more than ever at his ease in society, where he was always a favorite with women.

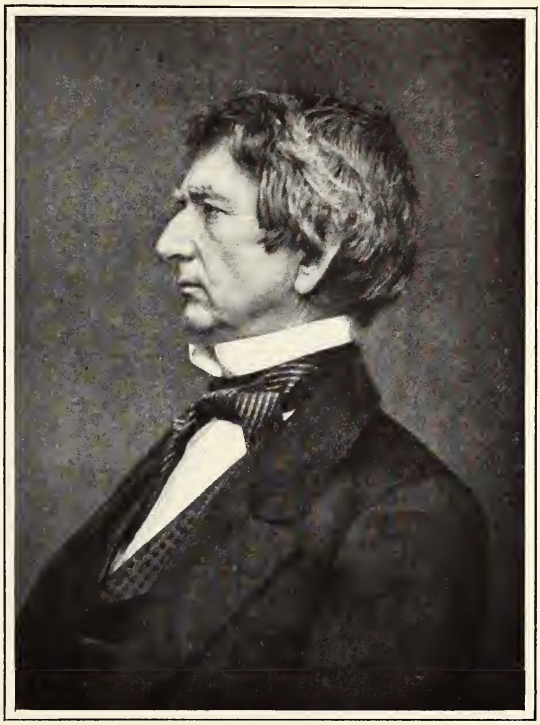
February 11.—Mrs. Sprague gave a beautiful ball. The ladies who danced the cotillion, and many who did not, had their hair powdered *à la marquise.* I have never seen so beautiful and picturesque a roomful. Some of the most striking were the hostess herself (with whom I danced), the Hoyts, Miss Romain Goddard, Miss Haggerty, and Mrs. Banks—who was very correctly dressed, even to the extent of the blue ribbon around the neck, a little refinement in which she was alone; Miss Kinzie, a fresh Western beauty and a superb *danseuse.* Mrs. Sumner and Miss Hooper, though not powdered, were beautifully dressed.

During the evening Hay talked with the Chief Justice, who showed him Carpenter's engraving of the "Reading of the Proclamation."

He objects to the whole picture being made subsidiary to Seward, who is talking while every one else either listens or stares into vacancy. He thinks it would have been infinitely better to have taken the 22d of September when the Proclamation was really read to the Cabinet. I referred to Seward's criticism that the subject was not well chosen—that the really decisive Cabinet meeting was that at which it was decided to provision and reinforce Fort Sumter. He said there was no such meeting; that Mr. Lincoln asked the opinion of the Cabinet in writing; that there were but two of the Cabinet who favored the reinforcement, himself and Blair; that Blair was more decided than he in favor of reinforcing the fort; that *he* (Chase) thought some strong and decided assertion or proclamation of the intention of the government should have been made at that time. Chase was always addicted to *coups de théâtre.*

I said I thought an aggravated importance was often ascribed to the manner in which events were accomplished; that in great revolutionary times events accomplished themselves not by means of, but in spite of, the well-meant efforts of the best and wisest men. The Girondins nearly monopolized the brains of France; yet if they were crushed out, as it was probably necessary they should be—that the destiny of the people should be accomplished through their fever and their struggles.

He quite agreed with this, insisting, however, upon the individual responsibility of each one to do what seems best in his sight for the commonwealth. Of course this was also my view. I am obstinately optimist, but not fatalist. Every man should do what he thinks is right, but he should know also that what the Republic does is right—in the largest sense.



WILLIAM H. SEWARD
From the Collection of Frederick H. Meserve

The Dix case, on which hung Hay's prospects of a diplomatic post, was delayed from day to day in the Senate. Charles Sumner, the dominating influence in the Committee on Foreign Relations, held out against him with

the stubbornness of a virtuous fanatic, basing his opposition, not on the charge of cumulation of offices, but on Dix's having presided over the Philadelphia Convention. Sumner said:

It is the only ground I can stand on. I once reported against a man because he had delirium tremens. Saulsbury[1] and McDougall[1] denounced me as a water-drinking fanatic. I once objected to a candidate that he could not read. I was accused of searching an impossible Boston ideal of scholarship for public service. So now, if I say of a man that he supports the policy of the President, and that I will not send him abroad to misrepresent me and the Senate, that is intelligible and satisfactory.

While the appointment hung fire Hay began to think of an alternative occupation. Before he left Paris, the banking-house of Munroe & Company had half invited him to join it. In Washington lawyers and claim agents were ready to welcome him as a partner. Either promised a good income in those days when that American citizen who could not think up some claim against the national treasury was either hopelessly dull or singularly honest. Still, Hay never forgot that he had served Lincoln as secretary — a service which imposed upon him a high obligation.

February 12.—After dinner went in to say good night to the Chief Justice. His guests had just gone; it was eleven o'clock. I walked up and down the deserted salon with him a few moments. He said there had been a good many Southern people there that evening; that he made it a point to treat them always with especial courtesy. I agreed that this was a good thing to do, even where they abused you for it and called it Yankee subserviency and charged mean motives for it. They know it is not true; they feel their inferiority, and their bluster is the protest of wounded pride. Chase said he felt kindly towards the people of the South. He only demanded that no man of any color should suffer for having been loyal during the war; which is little enough to ask, and which must be insisted on, *ruat caelum.*

Thursday, February 14. — Went to the State Department. Seward refused to hold any conversation as to what should be done in the contingency of Dix's rejection; says it would not be loyal to Dix for him to foresee such a thing. He said his intention was to promote Campbell in sending him to Bogotá, where there was work to do and he could have won reputation. I saw Harris at Wallack's. He says Dix will be confirmed; that he has behaved rather badly, and that the delay has been simply to give him a lesson.

Tired at last of waiting, Hay went to New York on February 23d. There he talked over various business projects, and, as usual, called on many friends.

Thurlow Weed [he writes] has spoken to me about going into the redaction of a newspaper, the *Commercial Bulletin*, which he intends buying and running as a Republican paper, he assures me. I don't much like the idea of Hurlbert in it, and the whole thing looks to me hopeless. This is no time for reactionary measures.

On March 3d Forney telegraphed that Dix had been at last confirmed. Hay at once wrote Secretary Seward a long letter, full of gratitude and of admiration.

I have come to regard you [he said], as I know the world will when the smoke has risen from the battlefields of to-day, as nearly as one may reach it, the ideal of the Republican workingman — calm without apathy, bold without rashness, firm without obstinacy, and with a patriotism permeated with religious faith.

There being nothing further to expect from Washington, Hay journeyed to Warsaw, Illinois. To his surprise, he received in June the announcement that, as the Senate could agree on no successor to Motley, he had been appointed *chargé d'affaires* at Vienna. He started at once for that post. On June 3, 1868, having just heard of the acquittal of President Johnson in the trial for impeachment, Hay makes in his Diary the following entry, which will fitly conclude these sidelights on Reconstruction:

On the whole, analyzing my own sentiments, I am not very sorry—not at all sorry —at the result. I think Johnson will put some water in his whiskey now. I don't think he can do much more harm. We are still in opposition, where a party always works best. Impeachment is demonstrated not to be an easy thing. The lesson may be a good one some day, if we have a Republican President and a Copperhead Senate. The Tenure of Office law—a fruit of haste and folly — is knocked to pieces. Two-thirds majority is anomalous.

[1] Senator Willard Saulsbury, of Maryland, and James A. McDougall, of California.